

RAMSEY, ISLE OF MAN.

We have received two letters from a dear brother residing here, inviting us to visit this place, and inquiring if it be not possible to effect a union between that Mission and ours, similar to the one with Edinburgh, reported in our last.

It appears that this dear brother has laboured long and earnestly in the north part of this island, and that hundreds have been blessed. A large hall has been erected, in which, during the last few months, Miss Graham and other evangelists have laboured with great and God-honouring success. We must pray for guidance in so important a matter; and in the meanwhile we assure our Ramsey friends of our

most hearty wishes for their increased holiness and usefulness. May our conquering Lord shake the whole island!

WEEK OF PRAYER.

OUR friends at Edinburgh propose a week of special prayer, in which the entire Mission should unite. We cordially concur in the suggestion, and name the second week in October, and request each station to make arrangements for carrying out this proposition. In private and in public, let earnest, ceaseless, believing petitions ascend to heaven for showers of blessing on the Mission during the coming winter.

APPEAL TO OUR READERS.

ONCE more we are necessitated to state that our exchequer is empty. We have been wonderfully enabled to continue every agency of the Mission through the summer, but now we are brought to a complete standstill. We have laid the matter before the Lord, and now bring it before our readers. We are sure they will agree with us, that it would be most deplorable, at the threshold of the winter campaign, to have to give up any of the theatres, in which so many thousands have heard and still hear the message of mercy, until some other places, equally capacious, can be substituted. When we looked over the crowd of working people who filled the East London Theatre last Sabbath evening, our hearts ached at the bare idea of being compelled, for want of funds, to close its doors.

Will you think about this, dear reader. You know something of our work from glancing over these pages. We are willing to go down into the pit to rescue the lost ones; is it more than fair that you should help to hold the ropes? God bless you ten thousand thousand times for the helping hand already extended; but the need again presents itself as pressing as ever. We may emphatically say that, "the poor we have always with us." Around us are multitudes famishing for the bread of life, for whose salvation the ordinary agencies and instrumentalities are utterly inadequate. God has graciously led us into modes of labour that do succeed. We have hundreds of witnesses whose transformed lives testify to the efficiency of the work. Shall it be carried on?

DEAR READER, WE LEAVE THE MATTER WITH YOU.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE EAST LONDON CHRISTIAN MISSION.

FROM AUGUST 15TH, TO SEPTEMBER 15TH, 1869.

GENERAL WORK.		£	s.	d.	GENERAL WORK.		£	s.	d.	
Miss Sidney, King's	£ s. d.	Miss Temple	£ s. d.	Poplar	£ s. d.	Poplar	£ s. d.	4	8	5
Clerc	0 10 0	J. R. Andrews, Esq.	2 2 0	Limehouse	10 10	9				
Mr. F. Chance	0 10 0	Mr. Welhorn	0 1 6	Bethnal Green	1 16	3				
J. Melrose, Esq.	3 0 0	Mrs. A.	0 2 0	Stratford	1 16	2				
Friend	1 0 0	Mr. Jno. Andrews	0 10 0	Milwall	0	1	3			
" per Miss S.	0 5 0	Miss Davis	1 0 0	Sclater Street	1	2	0			
Mrs. Chamberlain	0 5 0	Travers Buxton, Esq.	5 0 0	Croydon	8	11	7			
Friend.	0 1 0	Jos Wilson, Esq.	10 0 0							
Hon. Mrs. Hobart	10 0 0	LIMEHOUSE PENNY GAFF.								
Miss Diaper	1 0 0	J. J. Briscoe, Esq.	15 0 0	John Melrose, Esq.	5	0	0			
A Baptist friend	0 1 0	DESTITUTE SAINTS.		Offerings on Mission	4	5	3			
Friend, per Mrs.	0 2 6	Friend, per Messrs.		Mr. Fairbairn	0	10	0			
Cadby	0 2 6	Morgan & Chase	1 0 0	Mrs. Watson	0	10	0			
S. A. Blackwood, Esq.	1 0 0	OFFERINGS ON MISSION.		Mrs. McCulloch	0	5	0			
Mrs. France	0 2 6	Whitechapel	14 7 4	Mrs. Nixon	0	3	0			
Mrs. Stephenson	0 2 6	Shoreditch	5 14 10	A. Spalding	0	2	6			
Mr. Jenkins' Work-	0 6 6	Stationery.		Mr. J. Nixon	0	1	0			
people				Mr. Cameron, one parcel of						

THE
EAST LONDON EVANGELIST.

OCTOBER, 1869.

THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST.

It is gratifying to find this subject occupying some attention both among ministers and other workers in the Church of Christ; though the attention to and interest in it are languid compared with the importance of the subject, for, next in importance to the gospel itself is this baptism or gift of the Holy Ghost, as the great qualification for preaching the gospel. In the economy of mercy, God has designed them to go together for the salvation of men; and wherever we have the gospel preached unto us, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven (1 Peter i. 12), it must, in the nature of things, win souls to Christ. And, on the contrary, where we have preaching without the Holy Ghost, it will, in the nature of things, fail in the great object contemplated—not because the gospel itself is deficient in moral power, or the atonement in any way incomplete; but because such preaching lacks the associate or co-operative power of the Holy Ghost. Both the atonement and the work of the Holy Spirit are powers, or rather, perhaps, both join to constitute one complete and effective power to save the soul of man. The power of the atonement may be regarded as the power of purchase, and the power of the Holy Ghost as the power of application; and to preach the gospel without the Holy Ghost is to give a disjointed and mutilated idea of the divine institution.

That God intended this baptism as the great qualification for the public ministry is evident from the consideration that even Christ himself did not commence His public life and work until the Holy Ghost rested upon Him; and He then began to preach and perform His mighty works. Also from the fact that the disciples were specially commanded not to depart from Jerusalem, but to wait for the promise of the Father (Acts i. 4), to tarry until they were endued with power from on high; and then, with this power resting upon and abiding in them, they were to go and preach the gospel to every creature.

Let us carefully observe this order. First, the baptism, or qualification; Second, preach the gospel: not begin to preach, and then seek the qualification; for this is reversing God's order of things. The children of this world would not act so unwisely as to enter upon a business or profession, and then seek the qualification to practise it. But is it not on this very point that so many commit a great mistake? They are anxious to preach, and the church, seeing that they possess an average or superior measure of talent, is equally anxious to push them forward into the ministry. They enter upon their mission with perhaps many proper feelings, but without the great qualification, "The Baptism of the Holy Ghost;" and who, then, can wonder that ministerial effort so often sinks into a mere professional routine?

Alas, many are eager for public engagements and popularity; but are they equally willing to wait, in secret communion and persevering prayer

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with God, until they are *filled* with the Holy Ghost; and then begin to preach as he shall give them utterance?

"Full of the Holy Ghost." How much is embodied in that brief sentence! what divine illumination! what spiritual force and energy! what attractive holiness are wrapped up in that one short expression, "Full of the Holy Ghost." And who can read through the Acts of the Apostles without being struck with the frequent recurrence of this expression, "Filled with the Holy Ghost," "A man full of the Holy Ghost and power," &c. There is a deep, significant meaning in this expression, to which, I fear, many are comparative strangers.

The qualification of the apostles for their ministerial work was not so much their talents, their eloquence, their learning (though none of these are to be despised); but the power of the Holy Ghost abiding upon them. And what their success was, let the record of the Acts of the Apostles testify. Let no one attempt to say that their success was simply miraculous because it was associated with a dispensation of miracles. The great moral results which followed their preaching were wholly attributed to the spiritual power which rested upon them at Pentecost. Miraculous, indeed, if you will, but no more so than the conversion of every individual soul.

The question may very naturally arise, To what extent are we in these days interested in this baptism? or, in other words, what is there and what is there not in that baptism which we should be justified in asking for? But this is a question for a separate consideration.

In the meantime, we would urge upon all interested in preaching the gospel a prayerful perusal of those passages bearing on this subject in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth chapters of the Gospel by John. And the former part of the Acts of the Apostles, especially the second chapter.

Brethren, there is a spirituality, a qualification, a blessedness, to be realised very far transcending our commonplace attainments, and which will constitute us embodiments of moral power—living wells filled with divine life, light, power, and love; and, as the Saviour hath said, out of us shall flow rivers of living water.

H. C.

FLAMES OF FIRE. NO. 2.

HOWELL HARRIS,

THE WELSH EVANGELIST.

WHEN he began his great work in Wales, evangelical piety was, apparently, almost extinct. "There was," he says, "at that time a general slumber over the land; no one," whom he knew, "had the true knowledge of God; a universal deluge of swearing, lying, revelling, drunkenness, fighting, and gaming, had overspread the country like a mighty torrent; and that without any notice taken of it, or a stop," as far as he had seen, "attempted to be put to it." He had "never yet known one man awakened by the preaching in the country." It was under these circum-

stances that he betook himself to the "highways and hedges," exhorting wherever he could draw the people together, in private dwellings, in barns, in market-houses, churchyards, and on the public roads, generally three, sometimes five and six times a day. The magistrates threatened him; the clergy preached against him, branding him with the character of a false prophet and deceiver: the mob was active; yet, he says, "during all this, I was carried as on the wings of an eagle, triumphantly above all." Griffith Jones, establishing his itinerant schools, went likewise into the public fields, and, with his travelling schoolmasters, initiated a general reformation. Daniel Rowlands, one of the most eloquent men ever known in Wales, followed their example, and stirred the whole

population with his out-door preaching. Howell Davies was soon added to the little band of evangelists, and passed among the towns and villages like a herald. The frequent incursions of Whitefield and both Wesleys redoubled the new impulse, and now "religion," says Harris, "became the common talk; places of divine worship were everywhere crowded," and those "societies were begun which have since covered the principality with living Churches." Harris was a man of good sense, as well as ardent zeal. He was jealous of himself. "Thus I went on," he writes, "though with fear and trembling, lest others, of bad intentions, should take occasion to go about after my example; therefore I prayed that I might know God's will more perfectly; whether He was the only object of my love and desire, and whether His glory and the salvation of my fellow sinners were the only objects in my view. After examining the matter I had power to rely, in all things, on the strength of the grace that is in Christ Jesus for aid to carry me through the great work; and that if His honour should call me to suffer, to be imprisoned and tortured, I should find Him faithful in every trial, in death, and to all eternity."

We find him, while pursuing his extraordinary labours and victories, continually seeking strength in self-abasement at the foot of the cross. After triumphing amid the scenes of a horse-race, where he preached, opposed by shouts, and missiles, and the beating of a drum, he enters a church, where, bowing at the sacramental altar, he says: "I had a fresh sense of my poverty and vileness, so that I could cry feelingly, 'O Lord, I am the poorest, the vilest, and the unworthiest here before Thee.' And when I thus fell at my Saviour's feet, I had sweet and close communion with Him, and my soul felt a pity for all the world, a longing that they all might be born again, and be brought to the true knowledge of the Saviour of sinners. I felt that I deserved hell for not more valuing His precious blood. O the infinite value of that blood! It is the fruit of God's eternal love to sinners! Here are light, life, and liberty from the guilt and power of sin. O that I may abide here for ever!" A man of such a spirit could not be defeated. Surrounded by the madness and perils of the mob, he would say within himself, and with sublime calmness, "Thou art chained, O Satan!" The rioters

were often led on by "gentlemen," clergymen, and magistrates. In Moch-yuleth, as he preached from a window, a mob, headed by an attorney and a clergyman, not only assailed him with ointments and stones, but one of them discharged a pistol at him, and when he left the town on horseback, they made a detour, and crossing his road, "began again," he writes, "to throw sticks and stones at me, till the Lord delivered me out of their hands." "By these means," he adds, "and many other trials, which I often passed through, I was at length so accustomed to them, that when I arose in the morning I was daily in expectation of my crosses." The tumults through which he advanced for some years, seem, in our day, hardly credible; they follow one another almost like daily skirmishes of a military campaign. At Newport the mob rushed on him with the utmost fury. They tore both his coat sleeves, one of them quite off, and took away his periuke. "I was now," he says, "in the rain, bare-headed, under the reproach of Christ! Having a little silence, I discoursed on; but soon they shouted again, and pelted me with apples and dirt, flinging stones in the utmost rage about me. I had one blow on my forehead, which caused a rising, with a little blood. My friends would have me give over in the tumult; but I could not be free to do that till the storm was over, and God was glorified over Satan.

"When we came to Caerleon everything seemed calm and quiet, while Brother Seward," a fellow-itinerant, "prayed and discoursed sweetly by the market-house; but when I began to discourse after him, they began to roar most horribly, pelting us with dung and dirt, throwing eggs, stones, and other hard substances, even in our faces, and shouted so loud as to drown my voice entirely." Seward got a severe blow on his right eye, which caused him much pain; and as it affected his left eye also, he was obliged to be led by the hand, blindfolded, for some days, till at last he became totally blind; but he continued to confront the mob by the side of his brave companion. "When we came to Monmouth town," continues Harris, "we had much the same treatment as we had at Newport and Caerleon. It happened to be the horse-race there, and both high and low were assembled against us. As I began to discourse on a table over against the town-hall windows, they

ordered a drum to be beaten by our side; but the Lord enabled me to bear my testimony against their balls, assemblies, horse-races, whoredom, and drunkenness. The drum continued to beat, and the mob pelted us with apples, pears, stones, dirt, and a dead dog. During this storm Brother Seward was much afraid, yet he endured it with much calmness of spirit, saying, 'We had better endure this than hell.' "And thus," added the courageous Welshman, "all their opposition could not hinder our progress. In the strength of the Lord we went on from conquering to conquer."

As he traversed North Wales "the enemy," he says, (for these good men always accused the devil rather than the mob itself,) "the enemy was provoked at my attempt thus to propagate the Gospel in his territories, and resolved to make a stand against me, and endeavour, as much as he should be permitted, to take away my life. After prayer and consultation, I intrusted God with my life and went on." Near Bala its parish minister met him with violent threatenings, and rushed upon him with "a great club to strike" him. "I told him," says Harris, "when I was reviled, I was taught to revile again; and rode on quietly." Entering the town, he was informed that all the county rabble were met together to attack him. At the request of his friends, who were more alarmed than himself, he quitted the street, and went into a house to preach. "During all this," he says, "I was happy in my soul, and full of power and courage; my voice being lifted up like a trumpet, so that the people could hear in spite of all the disturbance that was made at the door and window, which was broken to pieces by the mob." He continued his discourse for some time; but when the mob, who had been preparing themselves by excessive drinking, came among the congregation, a friend desired him to stop. He retired to an upper room; but the rioters, instead of withdrawing, appeared to be more enraged. Some surrounded the house, while others climbed to the top of it, threatening him with death as soon as he should appear. As night drew on he thought it his duty to go out among them, committing himself to the care of God; but as soon as he left the house one of the rioters seized him by the neckerchief; it gave way, and he was thus prevented from falling to the ground. Another hit him on the face,

while others flung dirt and stones at him. "I then," he writes, "thought it was my lot to die Stephen's death in the midst of them. I spoke to them, and prayed for them. They still inhumanly continued to beat me with sticks, and staves, and pelt me with stones, until I fell under their merciless feet, where they continued to beat me until the Lord touched the heart of one of them with pity, or fear of being prosecuted for killing me. He swore that they should beat me no more, and rescued me out of their hands, while they were employed in giving my friends the like treatment. Although they were able to make effectual resistance, they imitated Christ the Lord in bearing all patiently, as I desired them to do. So at last we came together to our lodging, and dressed our wounds; and there also I exhorted my fellow sufferers; and we rejoiced together that we were counted worthy to suffer for Christ's sake."

(To be continued.)

PERFECT LOVE.

BY REV. J. FLETCHER.

(Concluded.)

MR. FLETCHER preached from the words, "Reckon yourselves, therefore, to be dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God through Jesus Christ." He explained the whole chapter; and his word was attended with light and power inexpressible. He showed the parallel carried on through the whole of the chapter, and Christ's death as a figure and a pledge to believers of the death of sin. His whole body was offered, and died: so shall the whole body of sin be destroyed, be dead. His whole man rose again victorious: so shall we be raised by Him, who is the Resurrection, from the death of sin into the life of holiness; or, as in the text, become "alive unto God through Jesus Christ." Our old man, sin, being buried with him, we are called upon to put on our new man of holiness by faith.

Then he adverted to these words, "Where sin hath abounded, grace doth much more abound." Here also he drew the contrast. "Seeing," said he, "when ye were the servants of sin, ye were free from righteousness; so in this dispensation of the Holy Ghost, 'ye are made free from sin, and become servants unto God, having your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life.'

"Let me appeal to you, my brethren," continued he: "What were you in

your natural state? Were ye not free from righteousness, — separate from holiness? Was not every imagination and thought of your heart only evil continually? And do you believe that where sin abounded, grace shall much more abound? Then you believe all I wish to prove; for then every thought and imagination of your heart shall be brought into captivity and obedience to Christ, and be holy continually.

"Had not sin so overspread your whole soul, that your passions, your tempers, your propensities, your affections, were all evil? Did you not hate that which is holy, and resist conviction? Did you not refuse to come to the light, because your deeds were evil? Did not pride, anger, self-love, self-will, unbelief, all reign in you, and prevail over every opposite? Yea, though God often called, and His Spirit often warned, and was daily striving with you, yet you repelled all His blessed motions, and put Him far from you.

"Well, my brethren, ye were then the servants of sin, and free from righteousness; but ye are called now to be made 'free from sin,' and to become the servants of righteousness: for, as sin abounded, grace doth much more abound. Holiness shall now overspread your whole soul. Your passions, your tempers, your propensities, your affections, shall all be regulated, all be governed, by Him who sitteth now on the throne of your heart, and maketh all things new; they shall, therefore, all be holy.

"And as ye did frequently and speedily resist and quench the motions, impressions, convictions, and operations of the Spirit of God, and they were lost and swallowed up in your love of sin,—shall ye not have equal power to resist, by the shield of faith, all the fiery darts of the wicked? Shall Satan more effectually keep his hold of a sinner, and dwell more fully in him, and rule more fully over him, than God shall keep His hold of the saint, the believer, the purchase of His blood? —than God shall dwell in him, and rule over him? Nay, doth not grace much more abound?

"My brethren, know your privileges. Think not, it is presumption to take Christ, as He is freely offered, as our Wisdom, our Righteousness, our Sanctification. Come, ye believers; where are ye? Claim your birth-rights. Approach your Father, sprinkled with the blood of the covenant, and receive the plenitude of the Spirit by faith.

"Well, who will believe our report? Who will thus be saved? You are improperly called believers who reject this. What mean we by a believer? One that believes a few things which God hath spoken? Nay, but one that believes all that ever proceeded from His mouth.

"Here, then, is the word of the Lord: 'As sin abounded, much more doth grace abound.' Do you believe this? Or are you a half-believer only? Come, Jesus is offered to thee, thou believer, as a perfect Saviour: take Him, and He will make thee a perfect saint. Delay not, stagger not: 'reckon thyself this moment dead indeed unto sin.'

"And ye half-believers, will ye still plead for the murderers of your Lord? Which of these wilt thou hide as a serpent in thy bosom? Shall it be anger, or pride, or self, or accused unbelief? O, be not thus befooled! Bring these enemies to thy Lord, and let Him slay them. Let Jesus reign over thee; take Him for thy Lord and King; take Him for thine all in all!"

PREACHING IN FAITH.

(A LETTER TO A PREACHER.)

DEAR BROTHER,—Do you know the time and place where you found liberty through the blood of the Lamb? Methinks I hear you say, "Bless God, I do. Hallelujah." Do you know the time when the Holy Spirit filled your heart, and the blood cleansed and made you clean? and do you sing,

"The blood of Jesus keeps me clean,
As long as I believe?"

Or are you not clear in the blessing of perfect love, but only seeking for it? Then believe this moment and enter into rest.

Do you sometimes feel bad tempers: pride, love of money, lust, or any thing else that mars your peace? Take them all to the atomement, and say in faith,

"It is Thy will, I know,
That I should holy be;
Should let my sins this moment go,
This moment turn to Thee.

"I do turn. I do believe.—Thou askest me for my heart; and I say, 'Take it, Lord, I give it Thee; and just now believe that Thou sealest it for Thy own. Faith to be cleansed Thou knowest I have; and I now use it to Thy glory, by believing on Jesus. I have given Thee my heart, and Thou hast taken it.' Hallelujah to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. The love of Christ constraineth me to cry, I do believe."

Go on my brother in spite of earth and hell. Believe when you lie down—and go to sleep believing, and rise up believing; eat believing, and drink believing; work believing—go to your appointments believing—go into your closet believing; and when you are there, believe. At your family altar believe. In going to your class, believe. At family duty, believe. Believe, when reading your Bible; when on your knees, believe. In temptations, resist and believe. In doing God's commandments, believe, and in buying and selling, believe. Commence on the Monday morning to pray for the people to whom you have to preach on the ensuing Sabbath, and not only pray to God to have mercy upon them, but believe that He will and that He does hear. Confess their sins three times every day through the week; and pray till you can weep for them as if they were your own. And when you have laid their state open before God, plead that His only Son died and was buried; rose again, ascended on high, and pleads for them; and that the Spirit strives with them. And that He has promised to forgive them, and receive them into His favour, and adopt them into His family, if they will repent and believe. Tell Him you must, and will have souls, for He has promised them if you believe.

As you go to the place,—if possible go alone,—go weeping, and praying, and believing. And when you get there, pray with the family that takes you in; and then go into private, and believe till God shakes the place. Fifty minutes before the time, get all the members to help you if you can, and sing through the streets to the preaching place, and pray once or twice on the road,—short, and to the point. And always take care to get there five minutes before the time, and enter the pulpit in a solemn manner. At the hour give out a hymn, full of present salvation. Give it out in faith, and tell the people to sing in faith. And when you pray, believe, whether you feel well or not; for you have the power if you will use it; and the salvation of souls may depend on the very act. Give out your text in faith, and preach in faith. Preach plainly, but not vulgar, or light. Do not try to make the people laugh. Thunder out against sin of every kind; as in the light of the judgment-day; and do it with tears and groans, in faith; and the Holy Ghost will shake sinners' hearts. All hell will assault

you, but stand fast and look by faith to the great atonement. Never mind preaching what is falsely called a fine sermon; for none are valuable unless such as are full of converting glory. Never mind keeping to the text (as it is called), but labour to shake the devil's kingdom, bring the glory, and get souls into liberty. If you preach in faith you need not wait till the prayer meeting; for God can convert souls while you are preaching.

After singing and prayer, hold an after-meeting, especially in the evenings. And in proceeding,—1. Clear a penitent's form. 2. Get all the lively people together. 3. If possible, get all to kneel during prayer. 4. Sing short and lively. 5. Let none discourse with the penitents, but as you direct. 6. Let no one pray who is unsteady in his conduct. 7. When a soul gets liberty, let it instantly be made known to the congregation. 8. When a person has got into liberty, let such person begin forthwith to pray for others. 9. Take the name and address of each of them; and get them to promise to meet in class. 10. Conclude at the end of an hour; and begin again if needful; and so of each hour. 11. If while praying you feel the burden of the penitents' sins come upon you, and all hell up in arms, tell it to the labourers, and get them all to share the conflict; and all labour to believe mightily, and hell will give way. The harder you feel, the more determined you must be, and the more zealous to conquer the power of the enemy by faith. If the enemy fights ever so hard for his tottering kingdom, yet persevere, as in the hymn,

"In hope against all human hope,
Self-desperate, I believe."

Yea, it may be the turning point in the life of scores, if you stand your ground, and take the field. That is the time to

"Urge on your course,
Ye blood-besprinkled bands,
The heavenly kingdom suffers force,
'Tis seized by violent hands."

Never continue the meetings late, unless souls are getting good.

In your sermons always pay attention to the children. Some part of every sermon should be addressed direct to the children.

Never miss an appointment, unless providentially hindered. Never mind dark nights, drenching rains, dirty roads, coarse fare, poor accommodations, nor long journeys. God will pay you well.

Always attend your class, if possible;

and mind to keep up the prayer meetings where you reside. Rise early when well; be temperate in diet. Dress plainly, not singularly or dandified. Read the Bible much, and other well chosen books.

Go on, full of present salvation. Expect souls every time you preach. And if you have a hard time, and souls are not set at liberty, still BELIEVE, and tell the Lord you must have souls at that place; and in answer to your prayers He can save them when you are not there. Live on the field of battle, die on the field.

"And when the world is burning,
And sinners quake with fear,
Then you with sheaves returning,
Shall see the Lord appear."

Yours in the Lord, J. S.

SMOKE IN THE EYES.

A GENTLEMAN once said to Mr. W. Dawson, "I had the pleasure and profit of hearing you preach yesterday; but I don't like those prayer meetings at the close. They destroy all the good previously received." Mr. D. told him he should have united with the people in them. The gentleman said, "I went into the gallery, where I hung over the front and saw the whole; but I could get no good; I lost, indeed, all the benefit I had received under the sermon." Mr. D. said, "It is easy to account for that. You mounted to the top of the house; and on looking down your neighbour's chimney to see what kind of a fire he kept, you got your eyes filled with smoke. Had you entered by the door—gone into the room—and mingled with the family around the household hearth, you would have enjoyed the benefit of the fire as well as they. Sir, you have got the smoke in your eyes."

SHORT MEASURE.

MR. W. DAWSON once preached in the neighbourhood of Leeds, on Daniel, v. 27,—"Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." A person who travelled the country as a pedlar, and who was very fond of his preaching, heard him on that occasion. This pedlar generally carried a stick with him, which he used as a *walking-stick* and a *yard-wand*. Having used it very freely for the former purpose, it was worn down beyond the point of justice, and obtained for him the name of "Short Measure." He stood before Mr. Dawson, and being rather noisy in his

religious devotions, he gave signs of approbation, while the scales of truth and justice were being described and adjusted, and different classes of sinners were placed in them, and their cases decided according to the test of justice, truth, and mercy. Those around heard him exclaim at the close of each particular, "Light weight,"—"short again," &c. After weighing the characters of the flagrant transgressors of the law of God, the hypocrite, the formalist, &c., Mr. Dawson came to such persons as possessed religious light, but little hallowed feeling, and the appearance of much zeal, but who employed false weights and measures. Here, without having adverted in his mind to the case of his noisy auditor, he perceived the muscles of his face working, when the report of "*short measure*" occurred to him. Mr. Dawson softened no previous expression, but proceeded with the scrutiny of the character in question. In his very striking way he placed him in the scale, when, instead of the usual response, the man, smitten before him, took his stick, the favourite measure, from under his arm—raised one foot from the floor—doubled his knee—and, taking hold of the offending instrument by both hands, snapped it into two pieces, exclaiming, while dashing it to the ground, "Thou shalt do it no more."

THE CONVERSION OF THE WORLD.

THE following Plan for the Conversion of the World, is affectionately and earnestly recommended for the adoption of every Christian reader of the Evangelist.

1. Let each converted person endeavour to bring one soul to God in the course of one year.

2. Let him fix upon two or three individuals whose conversion he shall specially seek; and if after much care and pains he appear likely to fail in those cases, let him fix upon others. Let the selection be made according to providential circumstances.

3. Let him enter upon this work in humble dependence upon the blessing of God for success; commit his cause to the Most High; firmly fix his mind upon the attainment of his purpose; and daily pray for the scriptural conversion of the objects of his spiritual solicitude.

4. Let him seek frequent intercourse with these persons; put into their

hands religious books ; engage them in religious conversation ; bring them to hear the gospel, and to meetings held for public prayer ; and labour to convince them that he is deeply concerned for their present and eternal welfare.

5. Let him pursue this object in the spirit of a generous catholicity, simply seeking the conversion of the soul, and resolving not to be satisfied without one such case every year of his life.

6. Let every new convert be instructed that it is his duty to engage in the same work ; and that if he do not attempt to spread his religion, the probability is, that he will soon lose his confidence and his comfort.

Now, here is a Plan for the world's speedy conversion, comprising no complicated machinery, but marked with a simplicity adapted to every class of society, and every grade of intellect, and founded upon the acknowledged scriptural principle, that it is the duty of Christians to diffuse their religion, and labour for the conversion of sinners. Ought it not therefore to be tried ? Let us try it for at least one year.

STRONG FAITH.

BY CARVOSSO.

I FEEL determined more than ever that God shall have my whole heart. I want to be practically conformed to the good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God, and to feel the well of living water continually springing up within my soul. I see faith and hope must replenish and support my joys ; without their aid, my joy must quickly droop and die. But by the aid of these important graces, the soul is ever filled with heavenly fragrance ; and a fire is brought from above which devours all the stubble of inbred sin, and every plant, root, and branch, which my Father has not planted. Hereby my soul shall be purified, in all its powers and faculties, even as gold is purified in the furnace. Many waters cannot quench it ; many floods of temptations and trials only serve to make it burn still brighter and brighter. O how precious is this love ! It is the bond of union with my heavenly Bridegroom, the pledge of my immortal crown, the foretaste of my glorious heaven above, the source of bliss through the ages of eternity. I have found in all my experience, that in every temptation the victory much depends on resisting the first onset. To reason for a moment is dangerous. Is the object of gratification forbidden ? That is enough, if we truly

love the Lord our God. But when we deliberate, we throw ourselves into the arms of Satan. Neither ought consequences to be considered : God will see to these ; better suffer any thing than His frown. O may I ever walk by this rule, and live to please my God alone !

I see it is faith that must bring me to the very entrance into glory. Where the one ends the other begins. It is observed of the most renowned ancient believers, "These all died in faith ;" their faith did not die before them. Faith must bring their dying comforts : and, O how full and how near a treasure has it to go to ! To die to this world is to be born into another. Faith is an act of reason, and believing is a kind of knowing, even a knowing by the testimony of Him whom we believe. It will, therefore, not a little strengthen our faith, if we contemplate the perfections of God, and the nature of our soul. If faith be not much exercised in its victorious acts, we shall neither know its strength nor find it strong when we want to use it. The life of sense is the enemy faith has to conquer. These are lessons of great importance ; and happy are those who, by experience, are best acquainted with them.

LITTLE FAITH.

MR. W. DAWSON compared "little faith," to a "little lad, sitting in a corner, with a blood-shot eye, and a green shade over it." Uncouth as this representation may be to the fastidious, yet to the spiritually minded the figure is apt and striking. "Little faith" is but a "little lad," being comparatively feeble, in consequence of not having reached maturity—nay, it is sometimes only a babe in Christ, having need of milk and not of strong meat. It is found "sitting," instead of being actively engaged, and on the alert, for the sacred writers invariably declare faith to be an active principle—"faith without works is dead." "Little faith" sits in a corner, instead of running to and fro that knowledge may be increased ; believers are the "epistles of Christ, read and known of all men." It has a "green shade ;" sometimes spiritual objects are too brilliant for its gaze ; it requires relief, but does not impart it. A "blood-shot eye," which obstructs vision, by preventing the free and full use of that faculty. "Little faith" is often in pain—distressed by

doubts and fears.—It should ever be the prayer of persons so characterised, "Lord, increase my faith !" Ye weak in faith, be not discouraged. Jeremy Taylor, in illustrating faith, takes the case of the Israelites, who were bitten by the serpents ; and shows, to employ his own language, that when even a "bear eyed" person turned towards the object, and reached it, there was sufficient virtue in the look, in connection with the object so beheld, to save ; though the vision of such a person might be but dim, when compared with the clear, steady, penetrating glance of others.

FRAGMENTS.

REVENGE.—There is no difference between the man who doeth an injury, and the man who requites it ; but only that the one is wicked a little sooner than the other.

SLEEP, the type of death, is also like that which it typifies,—confined to earth. It flies from hell and is excluded from heaven.

THE HAPPY MAN.—When a man's duty becomes his pleasure.

EAST LONDON CHRISTIAN MISSION.

PERSECUTION.

At Whitechapel, the sons of Belial, who have roared and raved against us for many months, have been in a measure silenced. They had grown so insolent and daring in their opposition, that the other night, when our Brother Hamilton was speaking, the crowd interfered, and drove them from the ground. One or two were severely handled. However, since that night we have had comparative peace. Now and then drunken men openly oppose, and infidels and papists more quietly divert attention with their arguments and sneers at our elbow ; but on the whole things are very much improved. Opposition has now arisen from another and a more respectable quarter.

Exception is now taken to the processioning from the open-air ground to the Theatre, and on Friday, the 17th instant, Brother Longmore had to appear at the

WORSHIP STREET POLICE COURT, to answer a summons for obstructing the footway. A solicitor had been engaged, and a petition had been got up and signed by several parties against the preaching. Many things were alleged against us that were very untrue. Robert Baxter, Esq., defended the case as on a former occasion, in the most kindly, dignified, and Christian manner. One of the two witnesses brought up by our enemies said, as soon as he got into the witness box, that he had nothing to say against the preachers ; it was a

wicked man who came there uttering all kinds of blasphemy that he wanted to put down. They brought him, as Balak brought Balaam, to curse us, and he blessed us.

The defence was that for four years we had acted in the manner now complained of, without any objection ever being urged ; that the police had not even requested us to leave the footpath, and that we could not be responsible for the wicked proceedings around us ; that all these blasphemers would be there if the open-air preachers were not ; that we were most anxious to act in concert with the police, and that if they would only communicate their wishes to us, we would comply with them as far as we conscientiously could.

The magistrate was most impartial, and stated that though he considered an obstruction had been proved, yet, seeing the police had not requested Brother Longmore to leave the footpath, and that there was a desire to conform to the law, he dismissed the summons. All the opposition to the preaching, therefore, fell to the ground. May God forgive those who moved against this effort to proclaim salvation to the crowds who throng this great thoroughfare. Will our friends pray that God may undertake for us, and keep this door of usefulness open ?

At Shoreditch all our open-air preaching has been stopped. The infidels have fixed themselves alongside our brethren, challenging them to controversy, and pouring forth their vile abuse of Christians and Christianity. This has created so much confusion and disorder that the police have stopped it altogether, and we are now forbidden to occupy stations where, for a long time, we have preached the word to thousands of working men.

At Stratford, it will be seen, from Bro. Barber's report, that a policeman not only most unnecessarily interfered, but positively assaulted Bro. Lamb, twisting his arm so as to render him incapable of working the following day. However, here the Lord enabled us to triumph, not only in humbling the policeman, but in giving our brother patience for the hour. Will our friends pray that, though earth and hell strive to shut the door of usefulness at present open in street preaching, THEY MAY STRIVE IN VAIN. Hallelujah ! THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH !

A DAY AT WHITECHAPEL.

The day's services were appropriately commenced with a prayer meeting at seven o'clock, at which the presence of the Master was felt, and the spirit of intercession was poured forth.

The breakfast meeting at eight was well attended ; and afterwards a paper was read and conversed about on the subject of the *Bible*.

At 9.30 a believers' meeting was held ; and at 11 an open-air service on the Mile End Waste ; while the hall was crowded to the doors, to hear Mr. Booth preach.

At 2 o'clock a few friends gathered for prayer. Two young men had come from Croydon, in the hope of obtaining the forgiveness of their sins ; one was saved ; the other was very deeply impressed. They then divided, part repairing again to the Mile End Waste, where a useful service was held, great numbers listening attentively to the word of God, notwithstanding the interruption of a few drunken men.

At the Sydney Street Rooms, a few yards away, some forty poor people gathered to a Bible class, some of whom were being taught to read, while to all the word of God was explained.

At the same time the hall was crowded from end to end, for the

EXPERIENCE MEETING.

After singing and prayer, the first to speak was a woman, who said: "Twenty-three years was I trying to serve God. Eighteen months ago, I came in here, and was taught the way. I want now to walk and talk with God, as Enoch did, as we heard this morning."

An old woman said: "I love to meet with God's people.

'My soul it swells with great delight,
When I think of my glorious home of light;
The angels sing, and so will I,
When I reach my glorious home on high.'

I can't sing here with my lips, but I can sing in my heart. I know what it is to walk and talk with God. Down the East India Road I have walked with Him often, and talked with sinners too. Ay, and often have I knelt in the road and prayed for them."

A man said: "I am a stranger to you. God pardoned my sins eighteen months ago, in Boston, United States, and I am on my way now to Sweden, my native land, and I am going home to Zion also. My heart's desire is to be a true-hearted disciple of Christ; to confess Him before men and before my countrymen; and He will confess me, when He comes in the glory of His Father and all His holy angels." Then a verse or two were sung of the hymn:

"There'll be no more sorrow there."

A man said: "I'm sure He died for me. I've got the witness within. People say we work ourselves up to a pitch of excitement, and then imagine that our sins are forgiven. But I've got a leaf out of Enoch's book. I've got the witness that I please God. I went to a place of worship fourteen years, and did not know anything about peace. I know now. I feel it my duty to follow Him. I thought, if they took me to prison for preaching in the streets, I should be as happy as John Bunyan. I should be happy in whitewashed walls. I am happiest alone—alone with Jesus; and He enables me to stand against the world, the flesh, and the devil. May God increase our number."

A young man said:

"Sure I must fight, if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word."

I have to suffer persecution. But these light afflictions which are but for a moment, &c. My desire is to live close to God; to follow Him fully. I am never happier than when I am suffering persecution. In the midst of it I can look up and say,

"My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear."

I need your prayers. Dear friends, if you want to follow Christ, walk not by feeling; live a life of faith. May the Lord keep me humble."

Hymn—"Am I a soldier of the cross?"

A man said, "I don't mind bearing the cross, because I shall have the crown to wear. Thank God, I feel more determined than ever. God has been giving me grace to let my light shine before my friends and relations. When God tells me to speak to people about their souls, I do so. He told me to speak to a man to-day who was cleaning his window. At once I obeyed, and said, 'Friend, you will have to give an account at the last great day how you spend your Sabbaths.' I have also been talking to my father about his soul. Thank God, for what He has done for me in my home and

at my work. There I am persecuted; but I speak out boldly for my God, and they are forced to acknowledge that I am right. O may God help me to live. It is not professing, it is living the gospel."

A man said: "My experience has already been given. I am walking and talking with God. I feel I have Him now."

A coloured brother said: "I thank God, first, that my sins are all forgiven, washed away in the blood of my Saviour. Christ is more precious than ever. I want to go on. I bless God that I joined this Mission. When I first met with it, I was in a poor, miserable state. I did not know how to shout. A man said to me this morning, when I was holding an open-air service in Ratcliff Highway, that I was a Ranter. 'Yes,' I said, 'I would rant the devil out of London if I could.' My Saviour is gone to prepare a place in heaven for me. He is mine. I realise Him in my bedroom, early and late. I mean to let my colours fly wherever I go. I have nailed them to the mast-head. When I get home, I shall be so happy, I don't know what I shall do. I shall call all heaven to the bank, and tell them all to give a great shout of victory."

Hymn—"I am a sinner saved by grace."

A man said: "I bless God that I realise that Christ is no cunningly-devised fable. I find Him to be a reality, in poverty, and in trouble, and in persecution, and I shall find Him so in death. When unconverted, I was much troubled at death. A brother of mine died suddenly. He went to the West Indies, and, soon as he landed, he was taken with a fever, and died. I was troubled about him night and day. I was always asking, How about my brother? Then, one day, the question came, How about yourself? It came home, 'I'm not prepared!' and I cried to the Lord, 'Don't take me!' My wife persuaded me to go to the Mission. I went. The text was, 'O taste and see that the Lord is gracious.' Talk about shouting; I shouted, 'That's for me!' That night God changed my heart. Some have been talking about crosses. Christians make crosses to themselves. My Master says His yoke is easy, and His burden is light. When Jesus puts His burden on a man, He puts power in Him to bear it. But if you want a cross, do something wrong, and see what a burden that will be."

Hymn—"Let us walk in the light."

A young woman said: "Christ is my Saviour. When tempted I rest in Him. The heavier the cross, the brighter the crown. I want to live in the light. Wherever I go they know I belong to Jesus. I want to work for Him. O may He help me, keep me humble, looking away from the world, and trusting in Jesus. It's better on before."

A young man said: "I must speak for Jesus. If sinners only knew the Lord, they would love Him. I'm happy all the week. Sunday is the happiest day of all."

A cabman said: "Sunday is the happiest day of the week with me. I can't get among God's people on week days. I get much pushed about among my mates. I have nowhere to pray except in my cab, and there they find me out, and try to turn the cab over. But, bless God, I am sticking closer to Christ than ever."

A costermonger said: "It is better with me than it was. I used to be always grumbling and complaining. I have had a good week. Talk about trials, I don't feel them now. Christ died for costermongers. I mean to go on."

A young man said: "I feel I must speak. The blood cleanses. Last week was one of settled peace. Last Wednesday night I went

out with some tracts to the public houses. One publican gave over serving and sat down to read the tract, and though one or two customers came in, he made them wait while he went on reading. May the Lord save him."

A young man said: "I want my life to be like Enoch's. It is better with me than it was. At work I have gone back to my old plan, of having a little prayer at breakfast time. If we pray we shall receive strength. May we not take our hands off the plough."

A woman said: "By the grace of God I am what I am. I have enjoyed much of His presence during the past week. My soul was much blessed this morning. I trust God will help me to love Him more, and serve Him better."

A young man said: "I come from Croydon. I have been a member of a church there three months, but I did not know my sins forgiven. I was afraid of death, but when I said so, they told me that I was to trust and go on; but I was not satisfied, and I came here on purpose to find Jesus, and I have done so. He has pardoned my sins, and I am going home happy. I mean to work for Him."

A young woman said: "I have been sorely tried of late. No peace. But God has delivered me. I have given up the obstacle, and I feel a glorious calm. I was much blessed at the breakfast this morning. Oh that God may show me His will, and give me grace to do it. I want to be made an instrument in the hands of God in the salvation of perishing souls. O that God may show me His will, and help me to do it."

A man said: "Jesus is my Saviour. The Spirit called me. I yielded after a hard struggle with the devil. I obtained mercy. For nine months I wandered about burdened with my sins, and no one asked me about my soul. One day I was passing this Hall, and saw a card up that some one from the north was going to preach. I came, and they soon asked me if I wanted mercy. I did, and that night I found it, and I am happy now."

A man said: "I am glad to meet you all again. Since I met you I have gone through much difficulty and affliction. In pain and trouble, temptation and trial, I have been happy. The book of God has been my comfort."

An aged woman said: "God is always with me. I have to go through a deal of difficulty. But I am washed in the precious blood of Jesus. He is very precious."

"His name is music in my ears."

Blessed Lord :

"A little longer here below,
Then home to glory I shall go."

Another hymn was sung, and prayer offered, and the meeting closed.

A large number afterwards took tea together, after which a short time was spent in prayer for a blessing on the evening service, and then a meeting was held in the open-air, from which the whole company sang up to the Theatre, where Mr. Booth preached to a great crowd of people on, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." A prayer meeting followed, at which twelve persons came on to the stage seeking mercy, the greater portion of whom went away trusting in Jesus; and thus ended a very happy, and, we doubt not, a very useful Sabbath.

POPLAR.

THROUGHOUT the summer, God has enabled us to make good our calling as street preachers. And though we calmly yield to the change of season, and give up a portion of the work, yet,

when we remember what God has done for us and by us in the open air, we could wish for summer's longer stay.

At the dock gate, Woodstock Road, the New Road, High Street, and many other parts of this "dark and destitute" Poplar, showers of blessings have descended during the fine weather. Not all the subtle craft of devils, nor the fiery hate of men combined, have been able to shut our mouths, to shut out our God, or prevent His saving power. Hallelujah!

SAVED BY FAMILIES.

Some of our conversions of late have been striking illustrations of the spreading power of grace. The Saviour said, "The kingdom of God is like leaven." A short time back, a young man was spoken with. He was converted and forgiven, and so filled with the love of God, and his life became so Christlike, that his family saw and felt the power of godliness; and through him, one by one, they are being brought to God. Father, mother, brothers, and brothers' wives, are all coming; and who shall say where the work shall end! The seven o'clock prayer meeting, last Sunday morning, was conducted by the father of this family, who has been restored after more than twenty years' backsliding. "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

AN HONEST CONFESSION.

Out visiting one day, I found a man and his wife, both of whom were backsliders. Finding they were open and free in their manners, I said to him, "How is it with your soul?" He replied, "Well, if I were to die this moment, I should go straight to hell." His wife confessed to being in the same melancholy state. We at once went to prayer. The man found pardon, and became exceedingly happy. The husband and wife continued in prayer after I left; and she also obtained mercy. Both have joined our Society, and are bidding fair for the kingdom.

The services at the Theatre and Mission Hall continue to be owned of God, the congregations are good, and a spirit of hearing rests upon the people.

Last Sunday, I put my hand on a strong man's shoulder, and put the question, "Will you decide to go to heaven?" He answered, "Friend, I will go with you anywhere." He was led to the penitent's form, and for fifteen minutes he groped his way to the cross; and as he gazed upon it, like Bunyan's Pilgrim, his burden rolled from his shoulders, and he became light, free, and happy.

At the same service, a young woman, a member of the family mentioned above, was set free.

On Monday, at the Mission Hall, the service was cut short, and followed by a prayer meeting, in the midst of which a woman, forty-five years of age, the mother of one of our young men, felt the power of Christ's redeeming love; and a young man confessed his acceptance through the "blood." W. J. SHEEHAN.

STRATFORD.

THE Lord is still reviving His work here. August 26th. Miss Billups met the Thursday believers' class. It was a blessed meeting. Three persons joined who had previously found Christ amongst us. They are constant in their attendance on all the means of grace.

August 27th. Believers' meeting. Three more joined us, and the Lord was present to bind up the broken-hearted, and to set the captives free; and we went home with increased desires, stronger determinations, and brighter prospects for the better land.

Sabbath morning, seven o'clock. A glorious

meeting! We prayed and wept, and wept and prayed in such a manner as I scarcely ever witnessed. Hallelujah! To God be all the glory!

Sabbath morning. Out doors in East Street. Some listened with attention, others mocked. One woman brought out a tambourine, and beat and shook it, and danced in front of Bro. Lamb in a most disgusting manner.

Afternoon, experience meeting. A blessed time. All spoke but three.

POLICE OPPOSITION.

Evening open-air service. A lot of drunken Catholics going home from a funeral caused a great deal of disturbance. The police ordered our people away; but we told them to remove those who were making the noise, as no one complained but the Catholics, and they did not reside in the neighbourhood. At that, one of the police attacked Bro. Lamb in so rough a manner, that he could not go to work on the following day.

On the Monday, I went with him to the police station to report the policeman for exceeding his duty. I told the inspector that we did not pay the police to insult us when endeavouring to do good; and that, unless the policeman came to my house and made an ample apology for exceeding his duty, I should report him at Scotland Yard. Afterwards, he came, and in the presence of Bro. Lamb, said that he was very sorry indeed that he had so far exceeded his duty, and that if we would forgive him, he would never interfere again, but would protect us as far as possible. We gladly forgave him, and may God forgive him too.

Tuesday. Cottage meeting. House full. A blessed time.

Wednesday. Preaching. One professed to find peace.

Thursday night. Believers' meeting. Room very full. Three fresh members gave in their names and, I trust, their hearts to God.

Friday. A blessed time. Some were filled with the Spirit.

Sabbath morning, seven o'clock. We were all filled with peace and joy through believing.

Sabbath evening. The largest congregation we have had for the last twelve months.

Tuesday. Cottage meeting. Some had to go into another room. We had a blessed time.

THE TAMBOURINE WOMAN.

who danced and played was there; and the distress she was in on account of having sinned against God and insulted His people must have been seen to be realised. She actually roared for mercy. May the Lord save her.

Monday. Believers' meeting. Three more fresh members. While watering others my own soul was watered. A night long to be remembered.

Friday. Some friends from other churches were present, and said, of a truth, God was with us, and that to bless us.

Sept. 12th. No preacher. But we have a band of young prophets, and a prophetess too, who are not ashamed to go out into the streets, and in front of their own homes to tell their neighbours what God has done for them, and to invite them to the same Saviour. May the Lord fill them with grace, wisdom, and understanding, and make them a power in the world.

Sabbath evening. Sister Collingridge preached. It was a night of power. Three souls sought and found the Saviour. May they be kept faithful.

I hope every dear friend who reads this will pray fervently for us. The more I know of my own heart, the more I feel I need the prayers of the faithful to assist me in this great work.

May the Lord keep me, and the eighteen souls that have joined our little society since I wrote last month. Hoping that you and yours are walking in the light. J. BARBER.

LIMEHOUSE.

THE Lord is still blessing us. Souls are being saved, and many are seeking. The open-air meetings are well attended. The people listen with great attention, and many who have hitherto been opposed, are constrained to own that we are right after all.

Monday, Aug. 16th. I visited one who was converted the night Mrs. Reed preached for us. I found him pressing on, happy in the Lord. He told me that before his conversion he opened his shop on the Sabbath, and carried on his business just the same as any other day; but the religion he had embraced had taught him to keep holy the Sabbath-day, he was now serving God, and hoped to get to heaven.

Another young man told me he used to be one of the greatest drunkards in the East of London. He has taken his money at one o'clock on a Saturday, and gone off with some of his mates, and on the Sunday morning has found himself lying in a market garden, or by the side of a railway. He came to live with one of our members, and was invited to come to the hall. He did so, signed the pledge, gave God his heart, old things have passed away, and all things become new. He now goes out on a Sunday morning with tracts, and nine out of eleven of his shopmates have become sober men.

Sunday, Aug. 22nd, was a good day indoors and out. The people listened attentively, and seemed sorry when we broke up to come in doors. One man with a black eye came and took my hand, and said, "You are right." I replied, "The way of transgressors is hard." "Yes," he said, "I will give it up, and serve God."

In the evening the navvies spoke, and five came out and sought mercy.

Sunday, Aug. 29. The Lord was with us, and wind and dust did not prevent the people gathering in the open air, and listening to the word of God.

In the afternoon a man got up in the experience meeting, and said he felt it an honour to speak for Jesus in that place, because he could remember the time when it was used for a very different purpose, and he used to be one of the leading men in it; but now his heart was changed, his sins were pardoned, and he was very happy. He said, "I am so glad you people have the Gaff. May God bless you."

Wednesday, Sept. 1st. Mr. Isaac Marsden, from Doncaster, preached in the Hall. It was quite full. God was with us. The sermon was original, striking, and with holy power. At the close four came out and gave themselves to God. Two have told me since that they are so happy they cannot sleep at night, and they should never forget Mr. Marsden.

At the believers' meeting a navvy told us his experience. He said he could remember the time when he and his brother, who sat by his side, used to turn out to fight; but now God had changed their hearts, and all things were different. The other praised God that ever he came into the Penny Gaff, for it was there he found pardon through the blood of Jesus, and should like to see his friends saved as well as himself.

About three weeks ago a few of our sisters commenced a children's salvation meeting on a Monday evening, and God has greatly blessed the effort. The first night they held a prayer meeting, and the next time two or three sisters gave short addresses, and the children

enjoyed the meeting, and were very attentive. The third meeting was the best of all, and will long be remembered. The children spoke their experience. One dear boy said he felt God had pardoned his sins, and he was very happy. Another said he loved Jesus, but he had a deal to bear from his ungodly companions in the workshop; but he said, "I keep looking to Jesus, and he always helps me." Another thanked God for what he had done for him,

"Once I was blind, but now I see;"

and as he was telling how his workmates persecuted him, he burst into tears and could not go on. A dear little girl said she had given her heart to Jesus, and she was so thankful for what He had done for her. We all felt God was there, and at the close of the meeting five of the children professed to obtain forgiveness.

STEPHEN KNOTT.

CROYDON.

THE work goes on here. Week by week we think real progress is being made. A service is seldom held in which sinners are not awakened or saved. The young converts are learning how to work, and coming out in the open air. Some are beginning by giving out a hymn, engaging in prayer, or giving short exhortations. A standing has also been engaged in the market for a

BIBLE STALL,

and a number of the brethren have engaged to attend to it in turn to sell Bibles and soul-arousing books, to give away tracts, preach the gospel, and to publish the revival meetings. May God bless them; they will have a splendid opportunity of talking to the people about eternity.

On Tuesday, September 14th, we opened the

NEW HALL

erected by our friends Mr. and Mrs. Murrell, on what was formerly Croydon Common, but which now is being rapidly covered with houses. It is a comfortable lofty room, capable of containing some 200 persons.

Mrs. Murrell has long had a room close by, and, assisted by an earnest Bible woman, has ardently laboured for the welfare of the neighbourhood. She has kindly invited the Mission to co-operate with her in the good work, and we have arranged to hold services Sabbath morning and evening, and three nights in the week; Mrs. Murrell continuing the Bible classes, mothers' meetings, and all the other agencies at present at work.

The room was opened with a tea, and was crowded to excess. Indeed, the doors had to be closed to keep out the crowd. After tea, the meeting was addressed by Bros. Peachett, Dowdle, and Booth. A prayer meeting followed. Many were deeply impressed, and some six or seven came to the penitent form. It was a glorious start. If the few friends on the spot are faithful, self-denying, and solemnly in earnest, this place will be too small ere six months have passed away.

ANOTHER HALL.

In our next number we expect to report the opening of another small hall, situated in the midst of the most destitute and degraded district in Croydon. It is almost completed, and we expect to enter upon it in a fortnight. Will our friends pray for Croydon?

Saturday evening. Commenced with the Bible stall in the market. Most unfavourable night, wet and stormy. Nevertheless, the people gathered round. We sang and talked with them, and gave away tracts, and sold

nearly all the bibles we had, and a large number of hymn books and twopenny testaments. Bros. Dowdle and Jermy came up after the prayer meeting, and addressed the people. We trust good was done.

Sunday, Sept. 19th. Workmen's Hall. Good open-air meetings, morning and evening. Large attendance. Working men listened as if riveted to the spot.

Morning, indoors. About 200 present. Good service.

Afternoon. The best experience meeting ever attended by those present. Sang five times. Four prayed, and seventeen testified to the power of the cleansing blood. *Hallelujah!*

Night. Good audience. Power with the word, and four professed to find salvation.

Brother Jas. Jermy spent the day at the

NEW HALL, CROYDON COMMON.

Preached in the morning. Congregation small.

Afternoon. Missioned the streets. Sang up and down the neighbourhood, and invited the people to the preaching.

Evening. Good attendance, and a good influence on the people. Will our friends pray for this new station?

MILLWALL.

MY DEAR MR. BOOTH,—I respond with pleasure to your request, and send you a brief outline of the progress and condition of the Millwall branch of the Mission. It will not be necessary to raise the debatable question as to whether or no the "Isle of Dogs" received its appellation from the fact that Henry VIII. kept his kennel there; but this far more important statement may be made, that there the dogs have gathered "the crumbs from their Master's table," and many who were strangers to grace have fed upon the "Bread of Life," and now "live by the faith of the Son of God."

I look back upon my early connection with the work at Millwall, and the way in which the Lord has graciously led us, with no ordinary interest. Some years since, I held my first cottage meeting in the kitchen of a kind neighbour. About six persons attended. Then another effort was made to reach the masses, and Lord Radstock and other gentlemen visited us. I was but a silent actor at these gatherings, not taking any prominent part in them. This occasioned deep concern, as I longed to be engaged in publicly making known to my perishing neighbours the "story of the cross."

But to continue my narration. It was a matter of thankfulness to find our numbers increase to about twenty-five persons, and we were therefore obliged to seek larger quarters. I then opened my private office, and although many predicted failure, we had the satisfaction of seeing it well filled at the onset, and this led to the establishment of a separate service for the young people; notwithstanding which, we still mustered some seventy or eighty persons.

It was at this period that I came in contact, for the first time, with yourself and your most interesting Mission; and it was from my description of the work at Millwall that you were led to offer us help at our services. We shall not soon forget the remarkable blessing which accompanied the first visit of our dear sister in the Lord, Mrs. Collingridge. We have all felt our indebtedness to her through grace, and I personally have cause to thank God for sending one amongst us, the great purpose of whose life ever seemed to be to seek the glory of Christ and the advancement of His kingdom.

And now again we had to enlarge our borders, and our coach-house then became our Mission Hall. Here we regularly drew together a congregation of about 300; and we started a believers' meeting, a district visiting society, and a mid-day service for the boys; this latter being a most successful effort.

From the midst of a people thus brought together many gave evidence of the "new birth." Several went singing home, having promised to "meet us at the gate." Not a few left us to take the Word of Life to distant parts; while others remain as monuments of God's mercy and truth. I should not, however, be a faithful chronicler of events, were I to omit to add that many who "ran well" have returned as the "sow to her wallowing in the mire."

For your next number, I propose to give a short sketch of the conversion of a family of eight persons, who have been attending our meetings. I have never met with a more deeply interesting case.

Praying for the personal holiness, the "entire sanctification" of every member of the beloved Mission, I remain, yours affectionately in the gospel,

CHAS. OWEN.

MRS. BOOTH AT BRIGHTON.

SOME two years ago, in a conversation with Mr. Gilbert, who was then Secretary of the Evangelisation Society, and some other friends, the summer watering-places were urged on Mrs. Booth as presenting spheres of labour of the greatest importance. It was remarked that in those places, in the season, were gathered together a large number of Christians and others, comparatively freed, for awhile at least, from home and business cares, away from ordinary occupation, with time for thought and prayer; that many of these, who would not leave their own places of worship at home, would then be glad to go to any hall that might be opened: and that, if quickening truth and influence could be got amongst and upon them, they would carry the influence far and near. The force of these observations was felt, and, after consideration and prayer, Mrs. Booth conducted a series of services at Margate, which lasted over three months. These meetings were attended by crowds of the visitors, and signally owned of God in the conversion of souls, and in the quickening of numbers of His own people to a holier walk and more useful life.

Numerous letters have been received from Christians of different denominations testifying to the blessing realised during their attendance on those services, and we are constantly meeting with others who bear a similar testimony.

Encouraged by the remembrance of so much blessing, Mrs. Booth has commenced a similar series at Brighton, which place has long been laid upon her heart.

The first Sabbath services were held in the Grand Concert Hall, and the audiences were good. Unusually gracious influences seemed to rest upon the people. At the close of the evening service, some dozen Christians came forward to make a fresh dedication to the Master's service, and one who had long been halting between two opinions decided for God.

On the second Sabbath, the audiences were much larger, and again some sought mercy.

During the following week, some difficulties arose respecting the occupancy of the Concert Hall, which led to the transfer of the services to the Pavilion, where, on the 12th, the attendance was much larger, there being about 1500 people present at night. The power of

God accompanied the word. All listened most attentively, and the prayer meeting that followed was characterised by much solemnity, importunity, and concern.

Amongst the first to come forward for conversation and prayer were two aged men, of probably seventy years or upwards—a good omen of coming blessing. One said that he had sinned for many years against light and privilege, and asked the Lord to save him with all the simplicity of a little child. Others also came forward, seeking Jesus, and up and down the room were many deeply convicted.

Will our readers make these services the matter for special prayer? First, that Mrs. Booth may be strengthened for the work. The going to and fro Saturday and Monday, added to the fatigue of speaking to so great a crowd, involves much wear and tear of body and brain.

And secondly, will our friends pray that these meetings may be used of God in reaching multitudes of the careless visitors who throng Brighton at this season, seeking only wealth or recreation—that they may find Jesus, and go back to their various circles to win others to Him.

EDINBURGH.

Proclaim aloud the Saviour's fame,
Who bears the "Breaker's" wondrous name;
Sweet name; and it becomes Him well,
Who breaks down earth, sin, death, and hell.

GLORY be to God, the Breaker has gone up before us. The Captain of the Lord's host has nailed sin to the cross, broken the lion's teeth, extracted the serpent's fang, bruised Satan's head, made pointless all the armoury of hell, slain our enemies, fought the battle, won the victory. Praise the Lord.

Goliath is fallen. The curse is on our foe; dust is his food. He cannot swallow the jewels of Jesus' crown. Hallelujah!

The cause of our Redeemer prospers here, and is increasing in interest. The past month has been a season of lasting blessing. The work is taking a deeper root. The people living around the mission are showing signs of anxiety; but not a few there seems to be already an outward change, and we expect to see the little leaven leaven the whole lump.

The progress of His zeal and power
Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands and distant isles
Receive the law divine.

The street services have been very good; it is delightful to witness the eagerness of the large crowds to hear the word; and still more to see the furrowed cheeks of old men streaming with tears at the story of the cross.

Indoors the meetings have been most blessed. The Spirit has come not like the ocean wave, but as the dew upon the mown grass; not as the mighty rushing wind, but as the breath of Jesus; and how the least moving of His breath transforms all into life, joy, and praise! Glory be to God, "there is a going in the tops of the mulberry trees."

Sabbath, 22nd August. Mr. Wells commenced a believers' meeting, a season of rich and special blessing.

Afternoon. Mr. Stuart addressed, and four were much impressed.

Evening. Mrs. Thomson addressed; sixteen inquiring the way to eternal life.

Wednesday, 25th. Temperance lecture by Mr. Waterston. One young man, a backslider, brought back to the fold: he is still among us. Hallelujah!

Friday, 27th. Four brothers from Newcastle

took part. A very lively meeting. Fine influence. Three sought salvation.

Sabbath evening, 29th. Mrs. Thomson spoke. Three professed faith in Jesus.

Tuesday, 31st August. A very good meeting. Spirit's power in our midst. Six professed decision for the Lord.

A LITTLE GIRL'S TESTIMONY.

The following note was sent by a little girl who found Jesus this evening:—

"I came to the Christian Mission on Tuesday night. The preacher spoke about being ready to cross the river of death, and what a fearful state unbelievers would be in. I found I was among them. On retiring from the meeting I was asked if I had found peace. I could not answer. My attention was directed to Jesus, and what he had done, and his willingness to save all who trust in him. We engaged in prayer, and during prayer I saw Jesus as the 'only' and 'my Saviour.' I can now say, 'Jesus is mine.' I am still looking to the cross, and by the grace of God I intend to continue."

"J. G."

Sabbath, 5th Sept. Afternoon. Mr. Stuart spoke. A good time. Seven remained to seek the Lord. Some young men broke down and wept. One of them said he was willing to give up his sins for Christ, but he did not see the necessity of giving up his old companions. We prayed, and before long he was heard exclaiming,

"Yes Lord, Thou hast died for me,
All, I will give up for Thee."

Sabbath, 12th. Afternoon. Our dear Brother Adams is back among us to labour for a little while. In the evening a sister spoke, and eleven decided for Christ.

A work is likely to break out among the young here. Praise the Lord. O that the fire of heaven would descend and set this forest of human souls on a blaze for Christ.

As of old, so be it now,
Now the glorious scene repeat,
See Thy humbled people bow,
Waiting lowly at Thy feet,
Crying all "with one accord,"
"Send the promised Spirit, Lord."

The following letters have been sent us, and they may interest the readers of the Evangelist, and be deemed worthy of being entered amongst your

TROPHIES OF GRACE.

A STRAY SHEEP.

DEAR SISTER.—These words come from one who was a follower of the Lord Jesus for ten years, but somehow or other I fell; fell by degrees. I was taken up with the things of this world. I was about to be married, and I neglected my dear Redeemer till I came to the Christian Mission. There I again heard of my blessed Saviour who was pierced and scoffed at, and who died for me. This brought back to my memory the time when I was rejoicing in Him. I give myself afresh to the Lord every day now, and by His grace I mean to serve Him all the days of my life.

PRAYED FOR TEN YEARS.

For twenty years I was a servant of the wicked one. I often felt anxious about my immortal soul, but those anxious feelings were like the morning cloud and the early dew, they soon passed away. At other times, Satan would suggest to me, "You don't need to repent; you are quite as good as so and so; you have never been a great sinner." Again

the Spirit would strive; again Satan, as if afraid to lose his prey, would tell me I was young, and there was plenty of time yet. In this way the last few years of my life were spent.

I have a Christian brother who has prayed for me ten years. When he used to talk to me about my soul, I did not care for it at all. A few months ago, the Lord saw fit to lay me on a sick bed. During that time, I was often spoken to and told of my danger. But all was in vain. I know I should have perished, had I died in such a state; but the Lord was long-suffering with me.

On Sabbath, the 15th August, God led me and my brother into the company of a Christian sister, who brought us to the Christian Mission. Mr. Booth preached. After the preaching was over, one of the brethren spoke and prayed with me, and the Spirit was stirring. While the congregation were singing the hymn, "Be in time," Mr. Booth came forward, and said, "Young woman, are you anxious to get salvation?" I said, "Yes." "Are you willing to give up your sins?" Silence was the only answer, but it was soon broken. Grasping Mr. B. by the hand, and answering in the language of the hymn, I said, "I will be in time." Mr. B. gave a hallelujah! which made the whole place ring, and I yielded myself up to Christ, as my Saviour. I am now going on my way rejoicing. God is my heavenly Father, Jesus is my All in all, the Holy Spirit is my Comforter, and I am now a companion of all them that fear the Lord.

A. T.

THE STREET PREACHER'S CONVERSION.

It is now seven months since I got the blessing in the Christian Mission Hall, for which I do praise God. I feel the power of God in my soul. I am on my way to heaven. I preached nine years on the streets, but never found any fruit; but since my conversion God has blessed me in the preaching of His word. Bless His name! Hallelujah, hallelujah!

M.C.

"IF A NEGRO, WHY NOT ME?"

DEAR BROTHER.—About the end of the month October, 1868, I commenced attending your meetings. I was weeping, the very first Sabbath, bitterly; so much so, that a sister came and spoke to me; but I would not yield my heart to Jesus. The Sabbath following, I returned to the hall, and again, in the second meeting, I wept bitterly. The same sister came and asked me if I had made up my mind to give my heart to Jesus. Tears were all the answer I gave; so I left without deciding for Christ. God was so merciful as to spare me to the next Sabbath. Praise His name! I went, and, in the second meeting, when prayer after prayer was ascending, and the Holy Ghost descending, my heart was broken, and I wept aloud. Then a negro began to pray, and the thought struck me, I, born in a land of Bibles and churches, could not pray in a meeting, or yield up my heart to Jesus; and he, a negro, had both given his heart to God and was praying too; and of all the prayers I ever heard, his seemed to be the most earnest. When he finished, finding me weeping at his side, he spoke with me, and I did give my heart to Jesus that night, and can sing—

"Now my happy soul is free,
For the Lord has pardoned me."

I have been looking to Jesus since then. I am happy in Him. I have taken His yoke, which is easy. I think it the greatest privilege to work for Jesus, and get brands plucked from the never-ending flames. Oh, let us work while it is day, for the night cometh.

J. T.